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Reaching
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gaga

we're gaga at the
newborn baby
stop smile coo wave

attraction programmed so the
young survive
all cubs are cute

an old lady passes
wind-carved time-ridged
we don't coo wave gaze

at her for her attraction
is to give be
listened to

the young girl skirts and thighs
swinging draws boys
for birth

and the very old can feel
repulsive to drop
their outworn coats

all the eternal hope
of a rebirth all
journeying

he journey

*

there are the eyes
missing nothing snakes come
i see their soul's
eyes needle fangs

pools still deep
reflect us drown us
beasts, swift fiery tawny
breathe in bushes

rose-gold birds of
paradise soar slowly
over swamps
wait too

the human faces show
each leer fang golden wing
startled turning
to that reaching hand

bearded denizens of caves
ever awake alert extend
long bony hands to where
we wander climb

boxes

*

going through old boxes, holding
i.o.u's dull coins yellow-crumblly
diaries letters from
brooding lovers - oh
- that photo's awful nice

attics hide history the ashes
smoulder our old lust, sighs
the flair we liked our guilt
our flames hide in
dusty boxes

what was here already
when we moved here clothes
we used as costumes
hidden parties heartbreaks?
that old widow?

I see my father's
face long nose and fiery eyes
rocking on the porch
with old brown-yellow documents of
purchases a will

my mother's wide gay grin
my Polish stepmother's tense prayers
for us when we laughed
at her church-going
on foot before dawn

so many attics boxes
families groping coping
steps pits lessons
piling up a nation's
history

elements

each millisecond we breathe
air in air out
or die
die without water earth

so am I these?
but suffocate in earth
burn up in fire
in water drown

air fans the fire
and blows it out
fire warms the air
and eats the walls

burns some to death
others to life
rain drinks the fire
and drowns a town

all grow our fruits
our shoots and cells
rain spoils our sun
earth smears the house

we take them in :
eat breathe drink heat
and let them out
breathe pee wash sweat excrete

transformed by them
transforming them
dissolve in them
dissolving them

warm dig wash sigh
air fire water earth
fighting hugging we
not noticing

sighs

I sigh about a letter
a mistake pollution failures
a police state or lost friend
tense up and grind my teeth
in sleep

might

we - earth masters
make deserts of gardens
gardens of deserts
kill protect soft earth
inhabitants

so mighty feared though once
we quivered against tooth and coil
still helpless without our
iron steel

now I quiver rage at guns
in empty woods with nothing living
beside polluted lakes
fearing my kin

ourselves those animals
skins threatened in our
shrinking habitat still
killing multiplying

sighs reach heaven mind
without secrets
infinite sight definite
and boomerang

be cheerful roars the star
huge galaxies ignore
my echoes groans
which mind holds

with the stars
limbs' yearnings, love before
light's mirror -
smile

master

Guru mind-master rider of
flesh stallion pranced then left
his shell still radiating

cures air filled
with promise an expansion
released power

He knew all the secrets
wombs seeds geometries
of orbits fate

how dying dies
lust-weighted travellers
wanting to cease to know

a new life what their
birth - those scattered
images was for

we're not the shells machines
He said live for ourSelves
our chats play love

play out we weary
no more fooled we learn
you're I I'm you

these pungent layers are
our dreams and
His play too!

overlife

it looked as though the
sprites and demons had
gone off leaving the wind
to wave the grain and
tractors graphs

but they crept back, into
halls copses cellars
nearly unseen

sometimes angels sweep
the shining rooves heard
before dawn. A perfect ring
of toadstools formed
on my front lawn

there's news wars traffic
fire flood
infants' cries inside
the hildless house all
outer gestures

and the voices there,
behind that house where woods
still grow or here at
sleep's sea edges where strange
faces rise we wait,

hiding, looking for
the smallest impulse
wanting to climb out expand
in seeing's
openness

reaching

I once reaching out
with flesh and fantasy
like shining apples searing
hot wet-white fire
wanting my discovery of your
dark well your buried stars
to goad lift lighten us
join your light
to mine

now gaze at you in
a grown pause
your crust and silence became
natural
our cooled calmed love
not reaching
finding us
inside

we are

we are so many things
marshes rages purple flowers
birds dipping for handouts
shiny whale cars

work, desire fix tighten
us in form but grow
new sinews feathers
out of easy ooze
in us

love taps
our everything

inner seasons

dead winter corpse-white ground
plays death stiff silent
we lament sun's
distance earth's
cold backside

south beacons us sun-siren
I dream sun sand wild wet-blue sea
from tense cold and
grave interiors
where nothing breathes

but we outlive
fled gold grow feathers or find
white ski hills articulate alert
indoors glad for a
shelter fire

we stay
winds rip sear whip us
but alert walking on ice
we're peaceful clean hug work
snow glowing with its
watching diamonds

feel spring more when
from the East the sun comes
our spring blood leaps
we're land thaw rivers
risk drunken floods

sun comes cool-red hovering
finally enough then too much
hot-wet fire teacher of
too much rising dangers
of flying

offspring

we're sun sun's vassals
made of sun-dust shadow-light
death drowsing in gold summer
sun dozing in cold bone

sun - father spun out earth
from gas to fire sea bone
god of form before the weight
of clinging joining

clouds stifle vision
but prayers tap a star
we cry to leap and leap
to die

each time higher lower on our
slope climbing sliding
up and to
that sun

to Vaclav

now at last the day you've waited and waited for
is nearly here
and all the work you've done year after year
which has kept us travelling
well-fed well-heeled with a treed lawn
space coolness
can finally end

and all the things we share -
books walks talk friends music
the lake convent river
and above all yoga which
you brought me to - insisting,
all those years ago -
we're free for except that
I'm not retiring no never
and you work too

mow cook launder
so i can tutor write
and then we walk in our beloved lakeside
monastery grounds you'll tell me
what sages said
and we'll argue you'll say
those Mohawks no-good bums
blocking the bridge or
those no-good Slovaks
from your homeland
and I'll say you're a fascist
and talk of utopia
and you'll say that only God
can change the world
and I'll be thinking oh
this won't work
and the next day

you go out alone
and I'm so glad
when you're back home

learning

*

I wanted to go down those corridors
hung with antique tapestries
to smell old Saxon barnyards
hear Greek flutes and bootsoles
crunching conquered earth

so read and read
to learn
the passions' mysteries
trial error ruins insight
finding us in
cast-off garments
gothic traceries
hatched huts
our buried rooms our
prisons silks

but now i know those memories
are deep within a whole
cling to books guiltily
time taken from
the inner view
where we live
all others' stories
as our own

mirror

*

these neighbours are
my bodies faces
and the stars
exploded eyes
holding earths'
dreams and destiny

tread lightly
on the earth which holds
our blood our gatherings and
offerings
for wakening,
renewal

to reach
the mirror sky

ego

feed on successes power
over others
mask the trembling
being a bubble
for taking's fragile and walls
crumble easily guns blast
loud mouths

it begins
at others' eyes
alone I don't exist
Humiliation robes
ripples of longing holes in
my masks furies all say
you don't crown me

strong egoed I'd throw down
the crown serve
egoless I am
and I am you
and the mirror's
now

karma

*

kick and be kicked
I beat a donkey then a boy
beat me
my herbs once healed and now
you bring relief
the void's an Eye
we hold a knife and
ointment
two images
one power

and i tremble sometimes
or hope
at things forgotten
in me

Hanka

*

today they said you'd died
we were surprised, thinking you'd last
another decade
feeble slow but here
as always

when they told me that I saw
your younger faces lovely teenager
open laughing asking
not folded in by
convent blinders lies guilt
wartime massacres in Poland,

the antiseptic ward smells
and resigned stiff limbs
but fresh
and now I see you
made new free
the child again by death
ready to be woven

with more natural fibres,
humour picnics on grass
no need for
secrets locks

photographs

we go through photos
i am looking for her she who
seemed to jail herself

once wise true real tuned
too tight then scattered
i search the old eyes

deep hazel the straight nose and
posture grasping her as though
she'd died inside but

left something knowing we always
drop and gather masks and
garments, yet abide

and my own photos
fixed only for moments
or what never changes

I can hardly
find myself We are
like double ghosts!

non-white

*

if you say not-white
i'll see white
if you growl goodness
i'll hear growls
let the world be green
the lord said
and it was green
shimmering laughing
without words no
negatives

numbers

*

everything is numbers i read
and I suppose he meant
measurable or maybe
millisecond pulses

tunes interwoven
that lady on the road
struggling with her puppy
and a load

dancing
millions of pinpoint stars
leaping on cars
or pauses

eddies' laws
mingling with shishing snakes and
horses' hooves and my
hot-tossing dreams

all hidden pulses of
one harmony
measurable? or
simply notes

visitors

*

we're no tourists
on the earth: skin bones
spun out of of
space dust wind
born bred by wet sea,
soil dry sun

by rushing earth a part
of it so it
feels still protected from
black holes by its
close orbiting
to parent sun
tied like a dog from
wandering

we too tied to
our globe our bones
each millisecond breathing
air dew dust

But we are visitors
come from within from dreams
into these playfields
to dive weave plots and stay
only awhile

before returning to our
angels monsters our dream
landscapes with their
walk-in mirrors rosy-grim lights
no grass no soil only the heart

missing someone here holding

faint memories
of aching feet but
old hopes questions
preparing yearless years
to return

solitude

solitude
texture of being
where the mirrors eyes are
distant or more near
reply or don't
you walk a body still but aware
in and out of rooms
the house full of
silent light
vacuuming you showing your
voices
learning a non-rôle
knocking into screens and scenes
you stole
and spooks creak
clutching you
at night

catching

i run leap catch
the pink round ball
and laugh catching
your leaping face

all else trees yards
unfocussed absent tuned
to a ball
caught uncaught

all those wide sea
energies forces meeting in
my stubbed toe aim
nerves brain hands

used for the challenge,
chosen, to drop
shadows lethargy
my rôle

and then the lusciousness
of ice-cream bars
we the maker eye enjoyer
of our play

roots

roots in wet heavy dark
hold creamy peonies
carrots apples growing us
our tuberous brains
holding our codes
love music philosophy

so we search our roots to find
our end like plants
reaching for dry light
by the passions' tube and
dark cave womb
to express love

sent in roses and
eons of learned words
from the dark's
reaching

poems June '92 after reading Fred's When the Right Light Shines

girl
*

parents
*

his mother was Law
steel clamp earth-heavy will
she forged out of his impulses
his drive and skill

she'd not hobnob with neighbours
always working mute
a Bible hour a whipping
for his soul's wrong route

law limits order
she forced him to learn
her creed dark, stern
he thought God hard

but that his father smiled
worked whittled sang
and taught him strength is in
love's gentle hand

when grown he sought out women
warm impulsive wild
to cut his chains and he became
those hands hard-working mild

his father once had been
only to find each woman bore
some kind of whip some punishment
girls must be for

she walks in sunlight
swinging nonchalant in leaves
against her soft and
living skin

she grass wind sky
all youth and light
the world ever
reborn

couple

*

they grew up together
giggled joked chewed gum
rocking on the porch
till once, longing to touch
they clutched their knees
suddenly silent
scared dutiful
on fire

and decades later sat
on their back porch
rocking
sated, bland, remembering how once
they fired desire
with abstinence
to staunch it with the sand
of habit

not saying it
laughing at their private jokes
rocking

protest

*

a man shakes his fist
cursing God for drought
furious nerves gnarled
born of that same stuff
divine

God listens thoughtful
then suddenly He roars
shakes fields shacks churches
shouting 'Damn you whoreson, bastard

(spawned by my flesh) Who told you
I meant picnics?
Then silence until
gently furtively
a few drops fell

leaves

*

buds sprout tiny hard
then open slowly to
huge heavy heady green-drunk leaves
filling our yard our
northern jungle

I was like that once
lustful full-blown wanting
everything

then they grow crimson apricot
preen glowing shows
as I got quieter
discovered love

till blown by wind
they shrink dry shrivel
on indifferent ground
that's how
I'm getting
good for compost cover
meditation
till new tiny buds
begin.

Sometimes I hate this cycle
endless merciless
as my glow dies
and my joints creak
though I'm better now - I
learned some things

to take to death
latent as birth is
its new squalls new openings.

But Here Now
cuts my chains

I am not leaves!
I'm who recycles not
recycled!

tide

*

the tide goes in goes out
the day is light dark light
the seasons cold hot cold
but still sky sea
remain

in all this - me,
lying newborn in my excrement
then playful quaint
then cocky proud in youth
and study lust
then struck to reconsider tremble
by the blast of age
fade to dry dust -
to start again for
don't we too
remain?

tide-moods change
we changeless
our motions cells grow fall
we the mover still
the drawing moon
deathless

tears

*

Alice cried and cried
she made an ocean which
she had to swim
grown tiny
against grief

i guess that's what our griefs
are for to teach
our bleeding hearts
to float and swim
or sink

defeat

*

the failure isn't no-erection
no jewels to give nor

being left 'inadequate'
grey tired

but not loving trying
boring someone with repeated

sayings favourite platitudes
not noticing she tries to

listen smile or
scolding leaving her in

webbed silent rooms not
sharing that's

more death than dying that's
having quit!

But you went to her chapel
approached her God

forgave her demons
cooked cleaned dug

lived out her terrors
asked listened waited worried

proved love's
a vigil

evolving

*

I think we evolve
from simplest lives - our
fish gills serpent coils
gathering joints, mammal hairs
fingers chords

and we'll keep on
outgrowing blood even
our brains leaving our
carcasses in earth to
listen inwardly
in worlds of thought
resuming flesh
at will

so if nails skin hair
grow in the ground or don't
they help grow flowers someone
planted for us testaments
to human care

to those shared chapters
of our brief visit, clothed
in earthsuits thoughts full of
grass ecstasies
or prison horrors

destined for transformed
limbs and glances
hills and pools of
conscious light

Kahnawakee

*

Again i walk my dogs
on the reserve the ditches
and piled dirt dug
against soldiers
make walking hard now

I remember how good it felt
when they left how strangely
prison-like dead hostile even
friendly armies feel

knowing how these people once
roamed everywhere at home.
But the innocent commuters
who stole no sacred lands
suffered driving
miles and miles hour after hour
each day

they killed no heritage
(except their own)

weren't we at peace,
towndwellers, natives
sharing work and schools?
but in the natives was
another route We Are
which turned

not inward to the soul
but outward to the land
seen as their soul fearing
assimilation and its lack
as death
their earth dreams touching

hidden codes called myths
obscure even to them
but source of law

i walk over these unfarmed lands
over their centuries
our shared confusion trespassing
hardly meeting anyone or
looked at sometimes: was I
one of them?

husband

*

her lovely innocence shouts
at you with false loud
shrillness
to her you've grown
old dirty something
to throw out

for her you would be dreamless
so her passion's fires could
balance be grief
so she'd be joy

oh - in your confusion you
feel kisses from her
too-pure
absences

snow falling

*

snow falls and falls
light dry flying
or heavy wet
on noncommittal ground

my country big white patch of
the sighing globe each patch crying
me my walls against wounds
or guns

or melting opening
to global dreams

snow falls fails fills
our valleys eaves dry throats
covers the dirt
falls to solidify a habit
or to melt a bond dissolved

as the cold sun shouts,
dodges and we walk
on ice like solid
light suddenly high

or in pig-headed blizzards
quarrelling
till thaws uncover
a hate's reason a lost
leash key button

or others' sighs grow
in our walls
teaching us a spring
of melting boundaries

sources

*

we sit at dinner, listening
to music on our stereo
from centuries of physics art
of groping persecution

penned insights from
young lace-cuffed hands
on ancient harpsichords
or makers' rhymes

feeling the same trees
brooks ages quarrels cages lusts
as they did their present
surging into ours

forming growing patterns
no still cross-section
in the flow of groped for
harmonies seeking the first Note

blown by a laughing god
through wood keys fibres to our
modern shells through centuries
of waiting blood -

taken with dinner

music's universe

*

'the universe is music'
a sage said
clear blue-sky pauses trills
loud tropic clashes
parrots roaring highways rain
one backdrop watched

by one wide sleepless Eye
who piped the trills -
dull dark blind wounded
Earth groans loves licks
her hungry cubs
in tune

the tortured screams and flaps
of prying wings on
icy mountains
hum of doves
one with the rain

we breathing snoring in the
dripping night I
reaching for a blanket,
cold wondering

hearing of Ireland

I have never been to Ireland
yet envisage its stone villages
near rocky seashores
a woman with a kerchief pushing
a pram by the sea within
sweet yearning lyrics ancient
blood feuds curses
lovely faces amid runes
relics of grails Celtic crosses
on emerald hills

some lost ancient race - mine?
before the warrior Celts
signs prophecies the knowledge
of soul's origin
and eons' journeys through
dark astral halls

as boys peddle ads and news
dogs bark spray echoes
on dark rocks
the inner knowing there,
inherited - confused lost
but still moving us

even here, in this
vast frozen land
of mingled roots
some circled crosses mark
our blurry but still-
living quest,
our Celtic nerve

inland

*

we're far from sea here
but gulls come screaming to
the ship-lock park, circling
for snacks

I remember the ocean, how
they made these cries there
above waves' endless coming going
hissing sighing
depths of terror
frolicking foam

do they remember it? the sea
like our minds always
shifting changing deep down
the same
its silver surface leaping on
its still cold depths

Here trees dance sucking rain
to root the gulls whirl strut
part of the ocean's
heart our one shared heart
that same one rhythm
sighs and chuckles of
an inner hearing,
feeding

light-dark

all's shadows woven on
still changless light

one outliving shadow
fantasies and games
of grass

toads spiders bungalows
shadows of plants
on off-white walls

i see your innocent and shadowed
face tantrums and charm
face deepening in

love fear wrinkles
as my shadows tense
to anger light laughing

in relief shared
tension holiday

shovelling

shovelling I mould
the seeming chaos of
blind innocent snow
for my mind's order
body's comfort

upset at trifles
in the house so what, shoes saucers
out of place they're
a part of order
huge All invisible
where deep snow somehow
belongs

except there's chaos maybe part
of order but messy
snow's better piled up
we say

not thinking of its
hidden mission from
the secret order of
the stars and stones
into my driveway -
heavy

three faces

beauty truth love
three faces of
one joy

beauty the white world
perfect snowmounds
on the hi-fi Bach

the dear beloved in curlers
her soft gaze seen by love
under thick coldcream

or seeing a hidden ugliness
unfazed part of
her deeper charm

beauty of mosquitoes we
just look at
in cigar smoke floating

over smelly ashtrays
perfect angles hidden in
square formless buildings

their eternal numbers
Awareness finds the beautiful
for being love

in the graveyard

the names on tombstones
unimagineable lives
in steaming kitchens careful parlours
backs of cars
each body formed from images
of former lives -
distortions daydreams

walking among graves I see
it all did end
and never ended
all that fuss and trauma
lost prom bouquets and pimples
and mourned sins

dissolved so neatly
worms air time all know
their jobs

the soul gone flying gleaning
new images stars,
shiny passages and terrors
of a victim's face and then
new earthroutes to complete
the plot

and here the old skins lie
patient dumb numb at last
no pimples but
no one caring

clothes

the thoughts I think
the sorrows irritations are
the clothes i wear subject
to seasons tides

within the core growing
its roots and seeds
to play awhile to
mingle thoughts with you

then thought-less still
until new chapters when we'll
meet again dressed formed
forever formless

chains

whatever our chains
the trapped animal, gasping
tortured breaths against
clamped steel
the compulsive housewife
fearing footprints, scrubbing at
another stain
boredom
or the fighting couple
chained together or bored
by repetition
the rejected lover tied
into his dream
the native fearing his soul
is lost with land to hate
and cigarettes
the inmate locked
in his old reasons
for the crime
whatever - chains
metal hatred the accusing eyes
can break open melt
with insight and a tiny gap
for love

creating

art narrows focusses
the nuance - swift unsayable

life squeezed to plots
breathed through mind's
filters but to open
new suggestions wider
beyond sense

or simply makes
a new thing
perfect for itself

created we create
chips of that old block
Who breathed the wide wild sharp
surprises movements of our
being breath

deep-still within
caged, clothed in
images desires grasping
through making lust
wider more shining
cages skins

freedom born in limits
gestures scenes,
in choosing probing
ecstacies and cries
prodded to moulding,
seeing

heroes

they're heroes too
who aim at only
inner dragons

no moor
piled with bloody bones
except the attic
or, say, absence
an empty house
whispering

the icy peaks
wide-ranging oceans
of he and she assembling
scattered years
the mirror
pointing back

grimacing its wimps
its beaten dogs and
dragons -
faced

illusion

walking in the country
lanes seem to beckon promise
hidden wonders mysteries

but there are only more
lanes more fields more
fenced-in animals

only sometimes stopping
we dissolve wet future dreams
see dry light ecstacies

wood water birdchirp
here enough
now's revelations

contrast

someone, beaten shocked
writhes on his cell floor
or sick his being focussed
to one wish: that the pain
would end

while i walk nonchalant
in my safe skin
complain of cold

or someone cries for bread and we
groan at the usual beef and soup
not that again!

pain of having
and not having

for one, ecstasy to walk
free of a prison cell
one hour to smell
the blossoms

a boring route for the
cell guard
who over and over
paces the yard

fasting joins
the keenness
with the having
for a short time

the having bred
by the non-having

on the patio

the couples dance part of
the thick green foliage over
new patio tiles

hug clasp sigh beat
cheek to cheek
to slow loin music

part of earth worm dripping
rain and breeze
which also have

their quarrels accusations
but without law courts, crying kids
of a consumers' suburb

all is suspension holding
kicks and cries
in soft touches sighs

of soft night-summer heat
i wandering unfocussed wondering
who they are

kneading

he baked bread and wrote poems
filled with dream flours
from castle granaries whose princesses
watched and admired

worked into patties patted
moulded turning sentences
like dough giving a form
to his dreams' flow

erasing adding pacing
taking floury words and
beating blending till their true
princely image showed

the tennis players

they play the tennis players
with-against each other
fighting in that
tense-strung marriage

enemies but share one ball
a game but still terrible
as spectators admire one
for the other's loss

train for-against themselves
rigour against fun
panting in close sun a game?
the joyful swing of

skill the power
relief to realise
its a game just how I
should play anything?

winning

you can let another win
only as victory -
I've won so win
feeling your power -

like when you face a woman
you must master her so she
can master you -
a double victory

or a dog will grovel and obey
to feel a master's arm
more strong and knowing
than his own to grow

to humanhood - Defeat
is winning winning
defeat we need to know
in yoga

neutrality

*

in war and love desire
goads to the finish
life or new life

in space too comets clash
but there no vital craving
cries nice not nice

colliding fusing distancing
neutral before forming
to life-carbon sun-green finally to

craving, conscious dance
loin terror nerve forming
our skills and dreams

One

Consciousness or Origin
sparks life from atoms
mind from life...

forming objects dreams order
from chaotic forces
freezing in grace

Atoms fuse break fuse
their elements Spirit making
from primeval dust

ever more consious habile forms
animals and men

we're That and mould ourselves
from vague primeval soup,
gathering appetite and

faces gestures freeze
distortions in our deepening
sensed separation

seeing only bits after
the plunge so the pattern
disappears blocked by sense

only details seen
filtered by blind lust
and memory

order

order's repetition snowflakes'
symmetry day night day
the seasons
impossible by chance

flashes of beauty from
a primal harmony tapped
both source and end

the mind ripples
of one consciousness
bent, blinded, shrunk

hardening illusions - forms
from forces's flux a
playful fixity

and poetry is
hush breath mystery
our longing to make

sustain unravel
to linger but to
end the course

desire repulsion
goading back to the one
source-fire

bereavement

*

when one of us sleeps
in wood under the earth
he'll wait for the other

watch for his fall
watch his earth recede
with his freed flight

for we share silence
and the love of night
which opens films

from concrete blinding sun
we share the love of dance
deeper than wind

transcending fire
share artefacts from visions'
openness

light fleshless learning
not to fear we'll
prattle float share scenes

touch astral halls
and lifeless flowers
and spires

files

*

we're all numbered
in our apartments cars
in jails or hospitals
along long hotel corridors
in files of governments and
stores insurance brokers banks
and postal zones

you'll find us by our
number anonymous easy to find
we meet no eyes we're for
your profit or election
our lives
are secret something
like dreams

slowness

*

i want slowness
I want all the cars to stop on
main highways, everyone to get out
shake hands chat
exchange photos and gum

i want all the prison guards
to doze and the worst prisoners
relaxed by self discovery
into harmlessness chainless ambling
to fresh juice machines

I want everyone walking slowly
everywhere sniffing looking
greeting
the employed dabbling in
paint and basketry
bending over flowers and
wondering

I want long silences
phones out of order
long tv hours with
no programs
so the real inner messages
can dissolve needs
for hospitals tv and
governments

s ientist

*

in their hearts they know
those bright crisp students of
electronic bonds
chemicals and atoms
bones and heart-pumps

that these are props for
shadow plays
whose figures gesture
love-hate terror-joy

in puppet theatres
all dressed in molecules
drunk on atom beer
but inside naked watching

casting will's images in
flashing corneas and teeth
and panting tongues -
a dream of minutes

rubber

please tell the romantics
(not all teenagers)
that love's a condom
glove over the fire
that rages spreads

is planning done together
minds as one a merging
wish a shared delay -
it doesn't dull
the real embrace!

allies

in war sometimes an ally
kills you

for you what matter - it's the same
unless you feel him aiming

then your world explodes
in some blind mad mistake betrayal

but it does anyway
how futile actions seem

We know our enemies like us
eat defecate love fear

and war's part of warring
someone's wounds we would not

heal an accident our
violent face

Some Polish soldiers,
chanting hymns and carols

killed by allies
made even God appear

absurd showing war is
hell's absurdity

but even then a pattern
hides

ozone

protecting layer from
our bodies' parent slayer nourisher
the sun
which licks beats hugs burns
whips slays cures us, its cubs
even with a screen

strange for ozone's poison
closer up like sun both
breeds and battles
death

but subtler spirits breathe
our fumes and cast
them back increasing fury
fear insanity

so we hunt hate and pollute
with ozone and attack
good ozone while
our prayers of love
preserve good ozone

and death's deadline spurs us
into leaps, songs
ozone awnings

rest
*

sometimes anxious tired
I've walked by graves
thinking, here is rest here's peace
freedom from cold one day

everyone however poor
will rest here drop his
gout obsessions her
bereavement cysts

but I know this lethargy
these nerves
this muddy sleep
are not real peace

we carry our raw fancies
our obsessions
to another house
a twitching sleep

unless I practise
waking's peace
i'll toss and sear
also beyond

cognition
*

i move partly by plan
by sensing make a map, say
this is here so that
must be there

that way I buy talk travel
learn first aid trade
arrange the attic and
survive
and seem quite sane

but seers know these are
just boxes good for
cars and theories even to
carve paths to truth
but not for truth

not captured in designs
or signs it flows
and flows, always
surprise Now, always
and never
the same

crushed

*

all nature's wild exuberance
falls crushed to our imposing zeal
as we cry comfort and
half-dead non-dying
birth blooming death surprise
all trapped and sanitised
with life supports which
narrow us
to tubes

but if we open to the
vast wild windy mess
zestful in waves' glee
and terror in wide seas
of burning light
round cores of calm
we wouldn't notice if our
bodies dropped
knowing the whole our core
can't die

form

*

art's form rings
essence more and less
than life

in movement dancers tap
our stillness
being

the fauvist landscapes
on my frig
essence of dark or light or sitting
a beached hull

focus me I'm drawn in,
stop my blood sharing
colour's life

fish

*

words lie in me like
fish and shipwrecks
i go fishing to
lift up dry out
ideas in air

and fish rise rushing eager
to be chosen born
or hide behind hard
stones and corals
sleeping scared

like us when the fisher comes
curled in or
leaping

exhibition

*

I saw the famous paintings
which sell for millions
monuments to eras but dead
compared to unknown locals
mirroring our
hills and dreams
streets faces fresh, true -
all the naked open hours
we could be sharing

gimmicks

*

clever gimmicks artists' magazines
and galleries catch
black-leather trends
two slashes of a brush
for Cosmos Protest
not bright dust on walks
nor the dark deep somber
listening the heart knows
in its fragile cave

confession

*

each true confession
put to poem story is
millions of us asking
for non-reaction for
listening

its truth is that
it's shared

metaphor

*

perhaps poem is metaphor
clothing grey skeletons of thought
in bird and bone
just like the universe

except there is no pause
no grey behind swift mighty
light-thoughts
breathed into things

non-point

*

before beginning
non-point not yet
purpose
pause before word

before creation's flow
forces seeking
from pre-sun soup
brains mouths hands
everything you I
this moment

a non-moment waiting
to be time
forces forming things
pulses not yet sculpted gross
creating time
perception yearning
finally words

at the gap between
the thing and dream
birth of
a poem

style

*

no preset style can give
the living truth
which moulds itself to
its own form

abstraction

*

love-light of Spirit or
this lovely stone your
act of kindness
someone's sad confession
this shining table with
reflected flowers this
joking gardener these
raging leaves ... these
are the real from which
the notions come: beauty
whiteness shape -
the flung out messages
of breathed-out light -
poetry

haiku

*

five-seven-five syllables
so arbitrary adding nothing
to the flow the truth
why not four-seven-eight or
nine-five-nine?

where is the rule that makes
words splash ring tower?
only one's own ear,
sap listening
know the true
rhythm

selves

*

what of those selves we
never did become?
I found in me a dancer servant
bum whore gardener
a vampire seer scholar
doctor swimmer
city planner gossip

from sun earth sea
from history
mothers back yards profs
carrying our eons
of earned fate
of summoned rôles
accepted coats

I changed though sleepy
sprouted some seeds
let old shoots drop
tried to waken to
let my gestures out like
happenings
always dreaming shocked
by losses failures into
searching

teachings mantras love
found mirrors
to give birth to a new
creature

and all those paths not taken are
unsprouted seeds
waiting

tapping

*

anything can tap
a poem my causes of
stripped jungles animals in labs
balloons in a park or one
i dream of
flying in
obsessive corridors
an ancient love
snow piled on the drive
a dentist's waiting room
the sea
deep blue shining rocking hissing
somehow home
unjust prisons childhood boatdocks
rotting fading men
allseeing I
blooms dragons dancesteps
happy safe on paper

rejected poems are
rejected selves
wounded exposed
we go back to our shells,
dejected till we learn to hunt
just for the joy

each new turn is
tension joy to sculpt
from chaos dig up buried chests
to share to touch another
in shared meaning
hours stop - I'm at last
free used!

safety

we fit our ship
with radar maps provisions
set a safe course then fret at
boredom bondage
ask for a gale to rise - throw them
to sea ask to be
teased tickled tossed

flung by storms
to sunny shores
where mangoes red ripe berries
feed us huge leaves
enclose us with warm lips
soft arms play-quarrels
till the fight
turns real

then we shout for rescue
seek concepts cures
long for a ship to our
familiar shores cold rocky for
hard work and goals

knowing that the gale may
rise again blast winds at us
and flood us out
but we could keep our
hard rocks with

our wild decors trapezes
strange dream features
symphonies throw out old
cigarettes coke
demons

have both if we're
alert to dangers signs
strong against night sirens
needed alive

worth

worms may not care
what flesh furnishes
their meal
maybe the worst bastard is
the fattest tastiest

but laid to rest
is just the shell
within we face
our aims' reflections
warm and cool heavens
hot and cold hells

carrying my shadows
furies' wings and
victims' cries
into my light
i find worms too

i boast of kindness

I'm not thinking of
the victim's pain
trapped in my tight cosy
echoing house
I'll meet him in
false party heavens
before I leave to walk along
real roads of
watching mirror faces

choice

I'm told the devil God's own child,
a proud puppet moves us
on his long cord
by our weaknesses : terror
lassitude disgust confusion

just as the angels lead us
by our freedom light

dark smoke entwining light to make
such luscious images
God's shadow face (s)he
(the devil) helped make us
out of light laughter to fit
the space-time theatre
(s)he dreamed

to challenge good in
God's splendid fight

i think we're caught between
that rope and liberty
to choose each moment
a sale or sowing
friend or tool -

i know the sounds they make
sky's pointed fugues
those licking whispers

grace

the sun shines on
anything showers grace
in vain or grows us

touches spring buds stuck
in winter skins
melts time wrinkles

formed around the same light
that formed suns
the ageless core

taps loud unborn
fires
light inside out

rain dulls the glass
words shatter silence
and the seamless hour, this

now. In this trees' thought
snow windows rain blend
in the stillness, I

outliving seasons still
within my grief
as snow falls deathless

Maturity

In the supposed calm
of my maturity windows and senses still
link out to in

my mask and yard two
faces of one timeless core.
Still I lose faces

find snow changeless.
But if I think of trees,
naming them or watch for birds

or think of our last quarrel
the spell breaks and I know
snow melts

age

where's youth old age?
the young often look back,
the old forward

all make enterprises, friends cringe
at a humiliation loss
love a good joke

all feel a peak's ompletion
after work - love mastery
say oh, my goal my ore

Stopping we're ageless
just are say, ah,
may this now last

Sometimes on the lawn under
huge rising trees I stop
but then I doze, resume my

wanting striving peering
as though one could strain
to be a sage who's calm

in timeless now arrived
Tired we hope that dying
dropping skins a rest

will let us soar
another chance to
learn eternity

but that is now here
this leaf's green light
this dissolved minute

why?

`why' you say `when we're apart
does time grip me? I feel
the moments, drip by drop and
creak by crack, the days
stumbling stalling full of chores
not done and longing

my thoughts shout in the vacant lots
of my skull. But when you come
you fill the crannies all your voices
bounce warm from walls
even your sighs and anger
fill the house
with lilac and laughter'

but your friends wait
wishing your loud lilac
came with peace!